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IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

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Gyp Tie.

A very small boy was little Gyp Tie,
With a dusky face and an almond eye,
A queer, small voice, most silvery sweet,
And the busiest pair of noiseless feet
That one could ever have wished to meet.

A very hard lot had little Gyp Tie,
Though his innocent face was never awry;
He washed up the dishes, and did the chores,
He blackened the stoves, and scrubbed the floors,
And—he never listened behind the doors!

He sang at his work, did little Gyp Tie,
A sorrowful song that he wished to die,
And go to the bright celestial land,
An angel there with his mates to stand,
With "clown" on his head, and "hop" in his hand.

We grew very fond of little Gyp Tie;
He never was known to cheat or lie;
He went to church, and he learned to read,
And he prayed so hard, that we all agreed
That he was a rescued "brand" indeed!"

He felt very sad, did little Gyp Tie,
And he wiped a tear from his almond eye,
And he sang his sorrowful song all day,
When the silver spoons were stolen away
From the secret drawer where they always lay.

But sadder yet was little Gyp Tie,
When we hailed the big policeman nigh;
And he looked on Gyp as a child of sin,
And he called his tears and prayers "too thin;"
And he pulled out the spoons with a scornful grin
From the folds of that blouse, sewed safely in.

We want no more like little Gyp Tie;
We think of his prayers with a dreadful sigh,
And his sorrowful song that was all of it "bosh!"
But we want a youth to scrub and to wash,
Who has the profoundest belief in Josh!

—*Clara G. Dolliver.*

UNVEILED.

"Poor thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but"—

"Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed."

"But what could induce a girl to tie herself to such a man?"

"Well, I don't know—the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses would have married a man with his habits if she had known of them beforehand."

"There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch! I have no patience with him."

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean widowed, gauzy curtained houses that formed so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis; and between two ladies, the one mistress of the said nice looking cottage villa, and the other her guest—a country matron, who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a handsome villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

On the following morning Mrs. Barton and her guest, Mrs. Kennedy, were at the window of the parlor, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Morton, when the hall door was quietly opened and was as quietly shut again by the lady herself.

"There she is, poor thing!" cried Mrs. Barton. "Only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she makes, even in the street, may wake that fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation."

Mrs. Kennedy, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes, as far as the street allowed, this quiet looking, broken spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from the neatly trimmed straw bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; and then, fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said:

"And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend, for, were Kennedy to act in such a way, I'm sure I wouldn't endure it for a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered Mrs. Barton; "but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself; for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out—I suppose to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by-and-bye return, looking up as she approaches at the bedroom window, and, if the blind is drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself: 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds I am not there to give him his breakfast!' Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—or one—or two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner!"

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh—his dinner! I dare say that it is a different sort of thing from hers, poor thing! He dines, no doubt, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home."

"And when does he come home generally?"

"At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he had seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast."

"I wonder if she waits up for him?"

"Oh, no; for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed, and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary soul! I don't know that I was ever so interested the country stranger as I am about the me—on the ture."

"Dear ptember 23 terrible!" sighed ets on tha the sympathizing Mrs. Kennedy. "But does any one visit them—have they any friends, do you think?"

"I don't think he can have any friends—the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people who call, stylish people, too, in carriages; and there is he—the wretch!—often with his half sleepy look, smiling and handing the ladies out as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world."

"Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absence."

"No—even that comfort is denied her. She has no one to cheer her—her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh, I should like to know her! And yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband. Barton, you know, wouldn't know such a man."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy. Let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are, losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal."

The ladies hereupon set out, saw all the "loves of bonnets" and "sacrifices" that were voluntarily being offered up, bought a great many things for "less than half the original cost," made calls, and laughed and chatted away a pleasant, exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot, in the bustle, the drooping, crest fallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage at Merton road.

The next day a lady friend called on Mrs. Barton.

"I find," she said, in the course of the conversation with that lady and her guest, "you are a near neighbor of a friend of mine, Mrs. Morton."

"Mrs. Morton!" exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity. "Mrs. Morton! Oh, how singular that you should know her—poor, miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about"—

"Poor—miserable! What can you mean? You mistake. My Mrs. Morton is the happiest little woman in town."

"Oh, it cannot be the same!" said Mrs. Barton. "I mean our opposite neighbor, in Hawthorn villa. I thought it couldn't be"—

"Hawthorn villa. The very house! You surely cannot have seen her or her husband, who"—

"Oh, the dreadful, wretched, gambling fellow!" interrupted Mrs. Barton. "I wouldn't know such a man."

"He," in her turn, interrupted her friend, Mrs. Law—"he a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in town—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Law, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighborhood—a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose—who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours, whose only ostensible means of living is gambling, or something equally disreputable—who"—

"You have been most grievously misled," again interposed Mrs. Law. "Who can have so grossly slandered the best of men? He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow! That may be safely called his misfortune, but not his fault!" And the lady warmed as she spoke, till she had to untie her bonnet, and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

"His misfortune," murmured Mrs. Barton; "how can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?"

"But he cannot help it; he would be too pleased to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over!"

"Then what, in Heaven's name, is his business?"

"Don't you know?" said Mrs. Law, looking extremely surprised. "Why, he's the editor of a morning newspaper!"

A Students' Duel.

A Heidelberg correspondent describes one of those student duels that play so important a part in German university life. The scene of the affair was in a room where there were forty or fifty students gathered in groups at the different tables, some in white, some in green and some in blue caps, these denoting by their color the different clubs to which they belonged. Some were drinking wine, some coffee and others breakfasting. None of them seemed at all excited, and a stranger entering the room would have supposed that this was no ordinary cafe, so little did the manner of those present, including the barmaids, evince any concern. When the duel was called the students formed a semicircle. The combatants were already in place, facing each other, and being armed, both of them tall youths of about twenty-one years of age. They represented different clubs, and had two or three seconds apiece. The duelists were well fixed with guards for the eyes, neck, chest and stomach, and even the arms, so that no very serious wound could be inflicted on those portions of the body. The scope and end of these contrivances seemed to be to limit the wounds to the face. The swords were rather long, very slender, and were frequently bent by the clashing during the encounter. The combat began with a good deal of energy, but no indications of rage or malice, and was frequently interrupted by the warping of the swords, once by a wound on the forehead, received by one of the combatants, and finally by the spraining of the wrist of the wounded party. Neither party to the fight seemed at all ready to yield. The wound, though it bled freely, was treated as a mere trifle by everybody, and the doctor who stanched it did not apply any bandage or plaster. Every scar on the face is a badge of honor among the students. Finally the curtain was dropped, the reason being that the already wounded party had so sprained his wrist as not to be able longer to wield his weapon. He was obviously overmatched in strength, but he was full of pluck and had not yielded one inch of ground.

The council of Baltimore proposes to insure the firemen for $500 each in case of death, and $5 per week in case of sickness or accident.

Secured Their Money.

There were some amusing incidents connected with the receipt of the intelligence of the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co., a Paris correspondent writes: Two gentlemen of my acquaintance heard the report about ten o'clock in the morning. They went at once to Rothschild's agency (where it seems nothing was known of the event of the day) and drew out all their money. At twelve o'clock the cashier of Rothschild's went to their hotel, and found one of them in his room. The cashier was pale and excited; he rushed to the American without waiting to say "Good morning," and shook the notes in his face. "Duncan, Sherman & Co. have failed," said he, "and I want you to return that money."

Then spoke the American, who had locked the cash in his trunk: "I haven't the money about me, and if I had, I wouldn't return it."

"You refuse then," was the cashier's response; "you refuse. I will have you arrested immediately."

He went down the stairs at a run. Soon he returned with an agent of police, and they threatened incarceration if the money was not restored. The American was firm, and was taken away, but not to prison. He was escorted to the American embassy, where Minister Washburne told the cashier that he could not arrest the gentleman, who happened to be personally known to him. "You can only seize his baggage, and I advise you not to do that." The cashier concluded he would wait awhile, apologized, and departed. The two Americans told me their story in the evening, and said that business of an imperative nature would take them to London by the earliest train; and they have gone. I know of two others who drew their money at Rothschild's before that house received the news of the failure. They have been informed that they must refund, and doubtless they will do so—when they return to Paris.

Accommodating Them All.

The story is told how a skillful Long Branch landlord managed to accommodate the crowds from the city that rushed into his hotel late one hot Saturday night. Mr. Landlord had not a vacant place in which to stow away some dozens of weary guests, who clamored for beds. "I will accommodate you all," said he, "but you must keep quiet and do just as I say. Take these bathing clothes, go down to the beach, and while you are bathing by moonlight I will prepare beds for you." Half an hour later Mr. Landlord appeared on one of the piazzas, where several families were enjoying the music of the band. He bowed, and in broken tones said: "My friends, assist your fellow-beings who are in distress. About thirty minutes ago a steamer from Charleston, South Carolina, was cast upon shore by these lovely breakers, and there on the beautiful beach are over fifty half drowned men, women and children." The listeners uttered an exclamation of sympathy. "You know my hotel is full," said Mr. Landlord, wiping his eyes, "but if you will help me, I will give shelter to these poor sufferers." And then rooms were given up, friends crowded into each other's rooms, pillows and blankets were relinquished; and when Mr. Landlord had brought up the dripping bathers, and the whole fifty stood in a row, their appearance caused great excitement, and everybody wanted to do something for them. The sleeping accommodations were all ready, and Mr. Landlord happy as a king. Such is one of the thrilling tales whose recital serves to while away the listless summer hours at fashionable watering places.

A Dangerous Paper.

The green paper used to wrap about lozenges sold in shops, railroad cars, and at street corners, says the *Journal of Chemistry*, has long been suspected to contain arsenic; and, with the view of ascertaining the facts by analysis, we recently purchased a roll of lozenges covered with this paper. A qualitative examination of the paper afforded all the characteristic reactions for arsenic and copper. The wrapper contained twenty square inches of paper. Of this, sixteen were taken for quantitative analysis. The result of the examination showed that this portion contained ·1516 grammes, or 2.34 grains of metallic arsenic. This is equivalent to 2.94 grains in the whole of the wrapper, a quantity sufficient to destroy life in an adult person. Children in all parts of the country are allowed to purchase the lozenges covered with this poisonous paper, and the rolls are often put into the hands of infants as a plaything. As everything goes into the mouth of young children, it is easy to see that no more dangerous substance can pass into a family than these packages of confectionery. It is quite probable that instances of poisoning have occurred from this cause, which have been of a serious or fatal character. There should be laws prohibiting the use of poisonous papers for any purpose.

Feeding the Bugs.

The mild dogma of Buddhism, which inculcates respect for all life, including that of insects, sometimes necessitates painful sacrifice. Two natives, says a Calcutta paper, were the other day found quarreling in the Barra bazaar. On the police inquiring into the cause of the disturbance, one of them said he had been "feeding bugs" for a baboo (a Marwaree merchant), who had given his servant (the other native) two annas to pay him, and the man wished to deduct half an anna from that sum. As the police officer could not understand what was meant by "feeding the bugs," the man explained that, that though the Marwarees were very much disturbed by bugs, still they would not kill them, as they considered it was sinful to take the life of any insect. The baboo paid him to sleep on bedding daily for a couple of hours before nightfall, in order to give the bugs a feed, so that they would not disturb him at night. The baboo was so very particular, that he would not allow him to kill a single bug, and took care to strip him of his clothes before he went into the room where the bedding lay.

"I have been tortured for two hours," said the man, "and now the baboo's servant wants me to share my remuneration with him."

A BABY IN A TREE TOP.

A Singular Story Told in Good Faith by the Reading (Pa.) Papers.

A Reading (Pa.) *Eagle* correspondent writing from Morgantown, sends the following strange account of the affair, which reads like a weird story of legerdemain, or like a romance of hobgoblins or witches. The letter reads as follows:

I read in the *Eagle* an account of a singular noise at the Ringing rocks, near Pottstown, but we have a something on the summit of the Welsh mountains, midway between Morgantown and Waynesburg, and about one-fourth of a mile in from the main road connecting the above places. For the past two weeks the cries of a child could be heard by persons *passing along the road*, and at first nothing was thought of it, but one Sunday night, as Robert Gorman, residing north of Downingtown, in company with another gentleman and two ladies, were passing the point the cries became heartrending, and they thought some one was treating a child shamefully. Mr. Gorman proposed to his friend to walk into the woods and ascertain the cause—the ladies to remain in the carriage. As Mr. Gorman thought it only a short distance to the house the child was thought to be in, the ladies concluded to go with the gentlemen, and the horses were secured to a tree, and the company started—the cries still increasing. After walking a short distance, one of the ladies, a Miss Ellie Parker, who resides near Paoli, stopped suddenly, and told the party to look up near the top of a large tree just in front of them, and there was seen a baby seated in a small basket, swinging back and forth, with but faint cries. The ladies became frightened at the sight, and begged one of the gentlemen to try and get up the tree and bring the child down.

The distance up to the first limb was some twenty feet, and the gentleman found it impossible to get up. While the conversation was going on as to how the child could be brought down, the child gave one scream, and as if by magic, the basket fell half the distance to the ground, causing the ladies to scream and the entire party to be more or less frightened. In less time than it takes to write this, the basket and its contents were back in its place again, the child crying all the time. This movement struck terror into the party. They watched the movements of the basket and saw the baby plainly for five minutes afterward, and all at once the basket with its contents suddenly disappeared. The party state that the whole affair is one of the greatest mysteries they have ever met with. Mr. Gorman said it was child's play, but it nevertheless was a reality. The ladies state that the child was alive, for they saw it plainly move when it fell down toward them. A party numbering some twenty repaired to the place and all saw the same thing. What it is is a grand mystery, as too many reliable persons saw it to be a hoax. Mr. J. S. Peters, residing south of Lancaster City, was one of the party, and he says he saw the baby in the basket, saw it move, and saw the falling and the disappearance. How long this will continue I am unable to say. A number from Churchtown are going over to witness the mystery. If the affair can be explained I'll write you again.

Detroit Free Press Coinings.

A Kentucky post-office paying a salary of $23 per year is sought after by fourteen different men. They don't want the money, but are after the "big feeling" which every postmaster has.

When a Marquette woman gets a spite at a neighbor she drops a mourning envelope into the post office, addressed to her, and then chuckles at the thought of how that woman will faint away at the sight of that envelope.

Mobile people judge of a man's wealth by the size of the cigar stub he throws away. If he smokes it down close he is looked upon as a fellow of no account.

The man who will deliberately get his family up at four o'clock A. M. to go off on a steamboat excursion lasting until midnight is a greater fool than he who conquers a whole army.

When a Pennsylvania farmer sold his farm to an oil company he went to town the day he got his cash and bought his wife two hundred dozen clothes-pins and twenty-five clothes lines. He said he'd had growling and jawing enough around that house.

There are no peaches or cream or soda water in Lapland, but then when a fellow goes home with a girl from church he is expected to sit up all night with her.

An Illinois farmer is determined that his children shall all learn the printer's trade, so that they can have free tickets to circuses.

Chinese almanacs do not predict the weather, nor do they have any jokes about red-headed women.

It's an ill wind, and so forth. So many people burn a light all night that burglars are hardly ever obliged to carry dark lanterns.

A Wild Bird.

A touching story is that of the little wild bird which flew into the great dining hall of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, and could neither find its own way out nor be lured to safety by the kindly endeavors of the servants, though the entrances and the lower part of the windows were nearly always open. The heavy upholstery of the upper half of the windows prevented its only chance of escape, so after fluttering bewildered among the forest of chandeliers for six days, guests all the time feasting at the tables below, it at length died of starvation and was picked up on the floor.

"Papa, did you see those nice little guns down to the store?" asked a little six-year-old boy. "Yes, Harry, I saw them. But I have so many children to feed and clothe that I cannot afford to buy you one," replied the father, seriously. Little Harry glanced at the baby in the cradle with no loving expression on his face. Finally he said: "Well, papa, I'll tell you what you can do; you can swap little Tommy for a gun."

Varieties in Fashion.

Black velvet ribbons are being manufactured at St. Etienne in great quantities for trimming winter dresses. They are used on rich brocades and silks, but are especially designed for cashmere, vigogne, and other fine woolens. Three or four rows are sewed plainly around the skirts of the dress instead of flounces; perpendicular lines of velvet trim the basque.

Knife plaitings will be worn again on winter dresses, and even more abundantly than at present. Some few French dresses have one deep gathered flounce around the bottom, on which are placed five narrow plaited ruffles.

The French arrangement of mixed costumes is a plain basque with plaid sleeves, and a plaid lower skirt with *plain apron*. A quaint new suit has a brown gros grain basque with plaid Louisine sleeves of rose and brown plaid. The apron is plain brown, with a bias plaid band on the edge; the lower skirt of plaid plaitings of fabrics, the plaid flounce being placed between brown plaiting.

Pockets are again placed on plain long basques. When in front and on the sides, they are flat and square; when on the back of the basque, they are gathered like old-fashioned reticules, and have a bow for ornament.

The Louis XV. basque, with the back quite short behind, long on the hips, and meeting across the chest over a vest, will be worn with winter suits. This pretty basque has been worn during the summer, and finds great favor. The vest is sharply pointed, or else slopes away in two points. This is a pretty fashion for dresses that are made of two materials, one of which is figured and the other plain.

Advices from modistes are contradictory about dress skirts, but there is a general desire to shorten the skirts of suits for the fall and winter.

The novelty in lingerie is collars of solid color, pale rose, blue, ecru, and mauve. The fabric is percale, and the shape is that called English, with points turned down in front, and a standing band behind.

Telegraph Office Experience.

A correspondent writing from Palmyra, Mo., says: The other day a colored man walked into our office and requested us to send a message to a town about thirty miles from here. After much questioning we succeeded in getting the address, what he wished to say, and the signature. He said he wanted to "see it go."

"All right," we replied, and calling up the office for which the message was destined, inside of two minutes we informed him that it had gone.

"Gone?" he said.

"Yes."

He studied awhile, then said:

"How long before it will get there?"

"Why, it's there now," we answered.

"Oh, I guess not," he replied, incredulously.

"Yes, it is," we replied; "it was there the minute we sent it."

"Oh," he said, "I reckon it takes some little time on the way." Then he fell into a brown study, finally saying: "I reckon I couldn't ever learn that business."

"Maybe not," we said.

"Was you raised in Missouri?"

"Oh, no," we replied, "we are from New York."

"I reckoned so," he said.

"Why?"

"Cause you're so smart; they don't raise folks like you in Missouri." And he picked up his carpet-sack and took his leave, doubtless fully convinced that we had been trying to humbug him.

Two old farmers were talking at the counter a few days ago. "One remarked: "The telegraph is wonderful." "Yes," relied the other, "it's the most sublimest improvement that I know of."

Fall Bonnets.

Bonnets of regular shape, with strings, says a fashion journal, are provided by French milliners almost to the exclusion of round hats. The strings are not necessarily tied in front, but may be fastened behind or passed around the neck in the way tulle is now done. There is a fancy for making the bonnets of the demi-season of velvet and silk, without flowers or feathers. This is a natural reaction after the profusion of flowers worn during the summer, and will not last after the gay winter season begins. There are other imported bonnets for autumn completely trimmed with birds' wings. Sometimes six wings are on each side of the bonnet. These are the small wings of larks, starlings and blackbirds, and are sold in pairs, as the right and left wing must be placed in natural position. Still another capricious trimming is wings *a la Mercure*—a pair of wings arranged at the back just as they are on Mercury's cap. Birds will also be much used for trimming. These are quite large birds, such as pigeons, the bird-of-the-isles, the lophophore, and various others with bronzed, shaded plumage. French milliners poise these in most fantastic ways. Thus a large bluebird is placed low on the back of the bonnet with outspread wings, as if flying down; in his beak he catches up the long ribbon strings that are tied behind. Sometimes a gray pigeon nestles close against the right side of the bonnet; in others, only the head and breast of the pigeon are used; a bandeau is made of seven or eight tiny humming birds.

Not a Philosopher.

On a Baker street car the other day, a woman having a sleeping babe in her arms uncovered its head and turned the little one around so that the breeze blew in through the open window full upon it. An oldish man, probably the father of several children, moved about uneasily for some time and finally said:

"Madam, don't you know that your babe will catch its death-cold there?"

"No, sir," she promptly responded.

"Well, it's just such carelessness as that which fills our cemetery with little graves," he continued.

"While all the old fools continue to live!" she snapped, looking him in the eye.

He saw that she didn't understand natural philosophy, and he turned and looked out of the window.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Beware the fury of a patient man.

To be great is to be misunderstood.

Kindness is virtue itself.

Have your cloak made before it begins to rain.

Think of the ills from which you are exempt.

Sorrow turns the stars into mourners, and every wind of heaven into a dirge.

The vacant skull of a pedant generally furnishes out a throne and temple for vanity.

He who cannot contract the sight of his mind as well as dilate it, wants a great talent in life.

Let us fill our urns with rose leaves in our May, and hive the thrifty sweetness for December.

The utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites—it can never make them converts.

Without temperance, there is no health; without virtue, no order; without religion, no happiness.

Frame thy mind to mirth and merriment, which bar a thousand harms and lengthen life.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first thing to something better.

I could never think well of a man's intellectual or moral character if he was habitually unfaithful to his appointments.

We affect to laugh at the folly of those who put faith in nostrums, but we are willing to see ourselves whether there is any truth in them.

The movement of the soul along the path of duty, under the influence of holy love to God, constitutes what we call good works.

True virtue, when she errs, needs not the eyes of men to excite her blushes; she is confounded at her own presence and covered with confusion of face.

Cool Impudence.

A gentleman in Cleveland, Ohio, had the misfortune to lose his only child recently, and not many days after the notice of its death appeared in the local papers he received by mail from Philadelphia a roll containing a card with the name, age, and date of death of his child printed in the center, and having in the upper part of the card an oval space, and in the lower part a couple of obituary verses. Accompanying the card was the following impertinent circular:

The recipient of this will recognize at once a memorial to a dear departed, something that in years to come will be looked upon with a gentle reminder of the happy days prior to the call of Him who rules all things. It cannot be expected that the inclosed can be distributed gratis, therefore the price is placed at fifty cents. Inclosed please find an envelope to our address; fold the amount in a piece of paper, mention the name, and mail it. Should you wish more than one copy, please inclose twenty-five cents for each additional one, giving the name and date of death of the deceased, and we will forward by mail. If you should not have a photograph of the deceased, hair or flowers can be inserted in the oval with very good result. To insert a photograph cut out the blank space inside the oval, and fasten the photograph on the back of the memorial, so that the picture shall appear exactly in the center of the oval. Should you not desire to retain the card, please return to us, but before doing so, please take in consideration our expense of time in getting up the form, material, mailing, etc.

Following a Witness.

Apropos of the O'Connell centennial, a Dublin correspondent tells an anecdote of the liberator which aptly illustrates his wonderful acumen. O'Connell was defending a prisoner who was being tried for a murder committed in the vicinity of Cork. The principal evidence was strongly against the prisoner, and one corroborative circumstance mentioned was that the prisoner's hat had been found near the place where the murder was committed. A certain witness swore positively that the hat produced was the one which was found, and that it belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. "By virtue of your oath," said O'Connell, "are you positive that this is the same hat?" "Yes," was the reply. "Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?" "Yes." "Now let me see it," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat and began to examine the inside of it with the greatest care and deliberation, and spelt aloud the name of James slowly—thus: "J-a-m-e-s." "Now, do you mean those letters were in the hat when you found it?" demanded O'Connell. "I do," was the answer. "Did you see them then?" "I did." "This is the same hat?" "It is." "Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding the hat up to the bench, "there is an end to this case; there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was the instant acquittal of the man.

Cold Water Day.

Cold water day is the grand day of the year for the people of eastern New Jersey. Stalwart youths and blooming maids, whose cheeks were like "fresh blown roses washed with dew," at this season hold high holiday. Half a century ago some farmers of Middlesex county, New Jersey, having collected their crops and finding their purses fuller than usual, determined on having a grand "harvest home" festival. South Amboy, on Raritan bay, was the nearest town on the bay side, so thither they went. That picnic has been yearly repeated ever since, the second Saturday in August being the day for its occurrence. This year over 15,000 persons took part in the festival, and it was one of the most enjoyable gatherings that has been witnessed for many a year.

A country girl, near Utica, N. Y., a few days ago, mistook the meaning of a young man who was looking up pickers for his father's hop yard, and when asked if she was engaged, sweetly said: "Not yet, but I always thought it would be pleasant." The young man rode home quickly, and dreamed all night of "breach of promise trials."

Items of Interest.

The total drive of Texas cattle last year was 166,000 head; but it will be larger this year.

The fallacy of the statement that animals prefer green food was abundantly shown at Chicago when a hungry horse bit a large section out of the Panama hat of a succulent young man who was sitting on the traffrail of a street car and did not harm a hair of the wearer's head.

A scorpion was caught by some railroad men in California the other day, and tormented so by them until, in its rage, it struck itself on its back with its poisoned dart. Immediately after doing so it grew quiet, and in less than ten minutes died from the effects of its own sting.

The steam dredges at work in Stonington harbor have brought to the surface two fourteen-inch shells thrown from the British ships of war during the bombardment, one of which was found to be unexploded. They have been placed on posts at the steamboat depot, and inscribed: "Relic of August 10, 1814."

A tramp called at a house in Norwich, Ct., the other day, and after being fed, he asked if the man of the house was at home. "No," replied she who had served him, "but I'll let you know mighty quick that the woman of the house is at home," and taking down an old sword, she started for him, but he escaped.

Laura Bowling, of Maysville, Ky., is only fifteen years old, yet she has a lover living in Covington who is distasteful to the uncle with whom she lives. This uncle intercepted letters sent by the lover to Laura, and is in jail in consequence, the young lady having had him arrested for opening them.

When Raoul Rigault was at the head of the communistic police department in Paris, an old friend came to request the favor of the release from prison of a man supposed to be a reactionary. "Impossible," said Rigault, "impossible. But I'd be happy to do you any other favor; and if there's any other man in Paris you want locked up you have only to name him."

Senor P. C. Armijo, the mutton millionaire of New Mexico, sold over 200,000 pounds of wool last year. With his father and a business partner he owns nearly 2,000,000 head of sheep, scattered over a range of country nearly 300 miles square. He has had two losses by Indian raids, one of 35,000 head and the other of 15,000, "but," he says, "I hardly missed them."

A man who had been feeding a thrashing machine in McMinville, Tenn., the other day, felt his pantaloons catch in the machinery, and had had just time to brace his feet and hands against some firm object near by in order to save his life. Fortunately the pantaloons were of thin material and gave way easily; the shirt followed, and he was left standing with nothing on but his shoes.

An Iowa girl has a chest containing two feather beds, a dozen cotton sheets, two dozen pillow-cases, six bed quilts and comforters, three dozen towels and six tablecloths, and her father has given her two cows and ten sheep. And yet the young Patrons around there hesitate about marrying her, because she is cross-eyed, and they cannot tell which she means when she smiles at the crowd in church.

A curious conscience case occurred at Newport, R. I., the other day. A man from the country, who had supplied a town grocer with eggs for several years, which the latter had not taken the trouble to count, called upon him and confessed that he had cheated him out of $5 by short measure, whereupon the grocer also acknowledged having cheated the seller by passing a counterfeit $10 bill upon him.

During the panic which ensued when the Algerian struck on Split rock in the St. Lawrence rapids, a Southern gentleman called his son, a boy of ten, to him and endeavored to fasten a life-preserver round his body, telling him if the boat capsized to strike out for shore. The boy, however, obstinately refused to let him attach it, insisting that his father, who was helplessly crippled while serving in a Louisiana regiment, should keep it for himself.

A case has recently occurred at Goshen, Mass., that seems to confirm the popular belief that beech trees are never struck by lightning. A beech and maple standing near together, with branches interlocking each other, received an electric bolt from a passing cloud which shattered the maple and passed into the earth through a prostrate hemlock tree lying near, which was stripped of its bark nearly the whole length. No trace of the lightning was left upon the beech.

A Chicago gentleman invited a number of friends to dinner, and they accepted the invitation, but none of them appeared, and the dinner was spoiled. Accordingly he sued them for the value of the viands wasted through their lack of courtesy. The lower court gave him judgment for the amount claimed, but the superior tribunal reversed the decision, remarking that if the principle first affirmed were correct the risk of accepting invitations would be very serious, indeed.

At Biloxi Bay, Miss., an alligator seized a two year old daughter of Elam R. Blackwell from the arms of its sister, while they were bathing, and was making off with the child, when Mr. B., hearing the other girl's screams, hastened to the spot and at once rushed into the water in pursuit of the reptile, and, as the water was very shallow for a long distance, overtook the alligator, which became frightened and dropped the child, and she was saved uninjured except some bruises on her foot made by the teeth of the monster.

A gentleman went into a bath house in Sharon Springs and prepared for a bath. He had six thousand dollars in a cloth, which he threw down on the floor of the bath room. When he came to dress he forgot the rag which contained the filthy lucre and left it in the bath room. Several persons used the room after his departure, but, having no occasion to use a rag, allowed the one he left to remain undisturbed. When he undressed for the night he missed his money. He went to the bathing house and found it just where he had left it.